

There's something
strange
going on here.

I keep waking up
with loose lines
floating thru my
head.

They repeat themselves
over & over like
fingers
clawing at a
high ledge.

Something strange &
exciting. Like un-
expected
dividends for a
long forgotten
loan.

Almost like a
pension.

Confession

Bless me Father,
for I have sinned
is what you had to say.

It took some doing,
some getting used to.
some time to convince
yourself that it was
really true.

At first I made it up,
I had myself
torture animals,
break into stores,
wish evil on my mother,
think filthy thoughts.

In a few years
it was all true.

The Neighbor Girl

First saw her riding
on her bike when I was
raking leaves,
hello I said as she
went riding by.

Her eyes met mine
demurely lowered
hello & she was gone
leaving a trace of herself
behind, the eternal
imprint on my mind
my senses, the thing
about her eyes, her voice,
her slim body moving
rhythmic on the bike --
the woman thing.

& then I saw her
yesterday, playing with
some children in the
yard, pulling toy cars
over imaginary roads.

She was just a child.